ONCE ON A TIME.

Once on a time a wife's heart bled;
The world was gay, the world was kind;
But one who should cherish had spurned instead,
And the days were long and for love she pined.

Once on a time another came,
His voice so low, his words so rich,
The bleeding heart of the wife in name
Felt the potent spell of the Cupid witch.

Once on a time a woman thought
To repair an error by one as deep;
Little she recked of the ruin wrought
From seeds sown only tears to reap.

Once on a time a month and a day
Were spent in laughter and love's sweet spell,
And then came the end, he went away,
Caring nothing if she fared ill or well.

Once on a time the wife then thought
Of the vanished name, the fair repute,
Of the spell of happiness dearly bought,
The words of respect that for her were mute.

Once on a time there came an hour
When she realized her great mistake;
The sound of music, the scent of a flower,
Did naught but the voices of memory wake.

Once on a time when the city slept
A frail, fair form to the river's brink,
Cowering and heart weary, closely crept
To hide her shame, no more to think.

Once on a time all this was true,
Fiction no place has on folly's page;
An illicit love was but born to rue,
And surely death is sin's own wage.
—Philadelphia Times.

MISS NANCY.

November was growing old, and Miss Nancy Camp, who sat at the window watching the gray clouds shift across the sky in heavy masses, wished in her secret heart that it was gone.

"Who'd 'a thought it would hev come off so cold after such a warm spell, Nancy?" said a voice from the little bed-room that led out of the kitchen.

"It's moderating. I reckon it's going to snow," responded Miss Nancy.

"It's jest like the November when Jim Wilmot went out West," continued her sister reminiscently.

"Yes," was the low response.

"'Twas a real warm Thanksgiving, and then a day or two after it begun ter snow, and the 28th—you remember, Nancy—'twas the time they had the cle'bration in the schoolhouse, and you and Jim went—my, how it did blow and sleet! And on Sunday it was so drifted that Cousin Anne Camp—she thet was a Stevens, you know—couldn't git ter meeting. It was the first time in 'leven years thet she'd missed hearing Elder Dickens. She felt real bad about it," added Miss Abby.

Miss Nancy drew her chair nearer to the window and brushed her hand across her eyes. There was no sound from the little bed-room for a while. The big, old-fashioned clock on the high shelf ticked away the minutes, and Miss Nancy rocked by the window, with her hands folded in her lap.

"There's someone a-comin' across the old bridge," said Miss Abby, eagerly. "See who it is, Nancy. Likely as not it's that school teacher thet boards down ter Foster's, though it don't sound like their team. She must be a powerful sight o' trouble to 'em."

And Nancy pressed her face against the pane obediently, although there was a mist before her eyes that blinded her a little. The wagon came nearer and nearer until she could see that it had but one occupant—a man of about 40, apparently, with a beard that perhaps added a little to his age.

"Who is it, Nancy?" questioned Miss Abby, fretfully. "It ain't her, is it? My! It sounds as if it was coming in—in—here."

"I don't know," answered Miss Nancy. "Like enough he wants some directions."

"He? Lands! It's a man, then! Be sure to tell him us——"

But there came a heavy knock on the door and Miss Abby subsided. Slowly Miss Nancy crossed the room and turned the knob. There was nothing said for a moment. The man looked steadily at the figure before him; at the simply made woolen dress with its pure white collar and cuffs, the slender, blue-veined hands, the face with its firm mouth and faded blue eyes, the hair parted smoothly and with the same little wave in front that he remembered so well, and the high shell comb that was new to him. He saw the wrinkles, too, but he saw no more—the years of toil and trouble that must have brought them. All this he noted, and then held out his hand.

"Nancy, have you forgotten Jim?"

She gave a startled glance into his eyes, and a little crimson flush crept into her cheeks. It reminded him of the time he had kissed her in the garden back of the house.

"Who is it, Nancy?" whispered Miss Abby from the bed-room. "Do tell him ter come in and shut the door, and—I want some more fennel."

"Yes, Abby," answered Miss Nancy, opening her lips with an effort.

Jim Wilmot came in and closed the door softly behind him.

"Is Abby very sick?" he asked.

"She hasn't walked for six years," answered Miss Nancy, mechanically taking some fennel out of a dish on the table and going into the bed-room with it.

"Who is it?" whispered Miss Abby again.

"Jim Wilmot," responded her sister.

"Jim! Lands o' Goshen! Well, well! Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' turn up after all these years. Do tell him to come in here 'fore he goes. Jim Wilmot! Well, I never!"

Miss Nancy gave a little pat to the pillows, and then entered the sitting-room again.

"If you'll stay to supper, you'd better put your horse and team under the shed. We haven't a hired man now."

"Thank you," he said, gladly.

She sent him a little sly glance as he went out of the door.

In a few minutes he was back again, but the talk was a little forced. He told her how rough the life was out West when he first went; how, after many discouragements, a little prosperity came to him, and then he came on a visit to his folks, who told him that they lived together at the little house, and that Abby was "s'ckly," though they didn't know she was a regular invalid.

Miss Nancy wondered, looking at the firm chin, and the hair that had been so brown now streaked with gray, if it was not very lonesome out there, and if he had quite forgotten the old days.

The clock at last warned her that she must be about her preparations for supper, and after excusing herself she brought in a dish of oranges to peel. She worked swiftly, though her hands trembled and felt "all thumbs." She had almost finished her task when an orange slipped out of the dish and rolled on the floor. Both stooped to pick it up and their hands met.

"Dear!" he said, holding out his arms.

Miss Nancy gave one glance into his face, so near her own, and in a moment was crying softly on his shoulder.

What mattered the years of waiting, the years of toil and trouble? Nothing mattered any more.

The clock ticked on and Miss Abby awoke from the little "cat nap" she had been enjoying.

"Nancy!" she called sharply.

Miss Nancy started and raised her crimson face with its new expression from its resting place.

"Wait a minute, dear heart," whispered Jim. "I want to know when you'll go back with me. I went away to make a fortune and a home for you. They're waiting. When will you go?"

"When will I go?" echoed Miss Nancy, bewilderedly.

"Nancy!" called Miss Abby again.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, Jim," faltered Miss Nancy.

"Why, back out West. I've got a pretty little place there, with thirty acres or so, and nary a mortgage. You'll have neighbors, for there's other farms near, and you shan't work, Nancy. I'll get a girl."

"And Abby?" asked Nancy.

Jim Wilmot started.

"I had forgotten her," he said helplessly. "But where's the rest of the relations? Or why couldn't she go to a 'home' or—something?"

The flush in Miss Nancy's face faded and a little line of pain formed around her mouth.

"She'd never stand it to leave this place. She's lived here all her life, Jim," she said slowly.

There was a silence for a moment, then she continued, steadily:

"I shall never leave her; so good—good-by, Jim."

"And you'll sacrifice yourself and me fer a notion?" he replied hotly. "All right, then, I shan't leave my farm and settle down in this humdrum place jest fer the sake of your sister. Good-by, Nancy." And five minutes after the horse drove out of the yard and down the hill while one lonely woman strained her eyes for a last glimpse of it, and the gathering flakes of snow were already filling up its tracks.

She stood there a long while watching the sullen clouds and the snow that was coming thicker and faster. Little puffs of wind blew the flakes of snow against the pane, and Miss Nancy wondered vaguely if they felt unhappy because they melted so soon.

At last she roused herself and went into the bed-room. Miss Abby, tired of calling, had fallen asleep. She was thankful for the respite, and, going out softly, prepared her own supper and the invalid's while the wind blew furiously around the little old house and fairly shook its foundation.

She sat by the fire with her head on her hands long after her sister had eaten her supper, and being satisfied with the evasive answers to her many questions had gone to sleep again. But the fire had died down and it grew chilly in the little kitchen, so finally she, too, went to her night's rest. It was very late when she dropped into a light sleep and the morning soon came.

The day passed drearily. Miss Abby talked incessantly of Jim—Jim, until her sister felt she should scream or go mad; but she did neither, and was only a little more tender, a little more patient.

The night set in with a regular snowstorm. Miss Abby declared they would be snowed in by morning. The wind blew down the chimney with moans, like an uneasy spirit.

In the morning Miss Nancy was startled by the darkness in the little rooms. The wind had blown the snow in big drifts against the windows and door. What Miss Abby had feared had come to pass, and they were snowed in. But there was no cause for worry as yet. There was plenty of food in the pantry and wood in the wood box. There was no stock to suffer, and someone would surely go by before the day was over and discover their plight.

She lighted her lamp and did her work, though in a rather half-hearted way, and the day passed and no one went by, and the snow piled up higher and higher around the house.

Miss Abby was very little frightened at their situation. Indeed, her sister hardly knew what to make of her; she seemed a little wandering and confused things strangely.

The next day, late in the afternoon, it stopped snowing, but no one went by, and darkness came on again. Another long night. Miss Nancy left a lamp burning in the kitchen and then went to bed.

Very early in the morning she was suddenly awakened by a shout and the sound of someone kicking on the side of the house. She hastily dressed and then entered the sitting-room.

"Hi!" someone called.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me—Atwood—down to the foot of the hill, yer know. Wife was sick and I had to go fer the doctor. Be ye snowed in?"

"Yes. Will you get someone to dig us out some time to-day?"

"All right. I'll git Sam, if he'll come. Be back in an hour or two."

Miss Nancy sat down and waited. The wood was almost gone and she was glad Mr. Atwood had discovered their predicament.

The clock has just struck when she heard a shovel strike the house.

"We're here, Nancy—be out in a shake," said Mr. Atwood.

"All right," she answered, and went into the bed-room to tell Abby.

But her sister was sleeping quietly, so she tiptoed back again.

After an hour's hard shoveling the door opened, and in the gray light of the morning she saw Jim Wilmot standing before her. Mr. Atwood, after assuring himself that everything was safe, went around to the drifts before the windows and commenced work again, but Jim did not go.

"Nancy," he said, "I was a fool the other day. I'm going to sell my farm and come back here. I can't live without you. Nancy, will you marry me?"

"And Abby?" she questioned.

"Abby shall live with us. You shan't be separated."

"But it's so 'humdrum' here, Jim, and you'll be homesick after the West again," protested Miss Nancy.

"P'raps so, a little," he admitted. "But I must have you, Nancy. Will you forgit what I said the other day an' marry me?"

"You know I will, Jim," she said in a whisper, and he kissed her fondly.

And in the bed-room Miss Abby lay asleep, a sweet peace upon her wrinkled face. "She had gone beyond the shadows into the reality."—Waverly Magazine.

Highest Observatory in the World.

The highest permanent astronomical observatory in the world—on the summit of Mont Blanc—was fully equipped with instruments a short time ago. There has been a temporary station there for some years, but the instruments have been small and of little power compared with those now in place.

The establishment of this observatory was a task which at the outset seemed impossible, and the obstacles which M. Jansen, who headed the quartet of French astronomers, had to overcome were unparalleled. Mont Blanc is nearly sixteen thousand feet high, and its ascent, even under the most favorable conditions during the summer months, is difficult as well as dangerous.

The transportation of many heavy and delicate scientific instruments to the top of this loftiest mountain of the Alps was, therefore, a labor so great as to seem beyond the range of possibility, yet it was accomplished without the loss of a single life. The telescope and the other instruments had to be taken to pieces before being carried up the precipitous mountain sides; even then some of the packages weighed a hundred pounds, and most of them about fifty. One of the guides who assisted in the work holds the record of having made the ascent more than five hundred times since the beginning of his professional career, and it was he who found recently the bodies of the Austrian professor and his two guides who lost their lives not long ago.

Saved by His Wit.

If a man is going to play the bully he ought to have good muscles or a clever wit. A little adventure into which one such braggart stumbled is thus narrated by an exchange. He was a smallish man with a large voice.

He had a companion who, be it said, to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in, stood in a hotel rotunda one Saturday night. The little fellow was talking about Ireland, and he said many hard things concerning the country and the people.

A big man stood by listening to the little fellow's vaporings. He merely smiled until the little fellow said in a very loud tone:

"Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward."

Then the big fellow slipped up, and touched the little fellow on the shoulder, saying in a heavy bass voice:

"What's that you said?"

"I said 'Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward,' said the little fellow, whose knees were shaking under him.

"Well, I'm an Irishman," said the big fellow.

"You are an Irishman? Well," and a smile of joy flitted over the little fellow's countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl, "I'm a coward."

Didn't Grasp the Idea.

Mother—Robert, I gave you half an orange, didn't I?

Robert—Yessum.

Mother—Then why did you steal the half I gave your little sister?

Robert—Coz you told me to always take her part, boo, hoo!—Exchange.

Enjoyable Tandem.

"Do you enjoy your tandem, Mrs. Desmond?"

"Yes, indeed; Jack and I can quarrel on it as well as if we were sitting at home on the piazza."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Dearest Friend.

Cholly—How old do you suppose Miss Furbish is?

Gertrude—You might ask mamma. Perhaps she'll remember.—Cleveland Leader.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

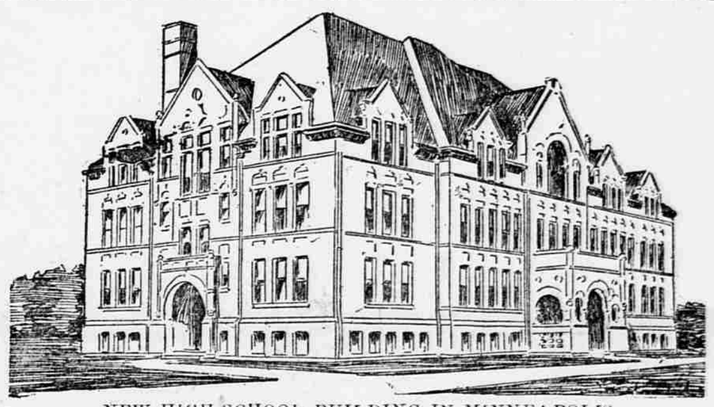
NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

Schoolrooms Should Be Made Inviting—Modern High School Building in Minneapolis—Suggestions from a Teacher's Note Book.

Decoration of the Schoolroom.

Too long have our school rooms been bare and uninviting places where a certain amount of work was to be accomplished, necessary fixtures in an educational scheme, but nevertheless places which were entered dutifully at 9 o'clock and quitted with joy and alacrity when the hands of the clock crept round to four. But the dawn of a new era is upon us; for education in its broadest sense is conceived to mean the training of the mind to see, to think and to act, to the development of power, and not to the slavish working out of tasks. It means the bringing of broadening influences to bear upon the mind, and the development of a true culture which shall lead to wise, right living, and the attainment of a more beautiful public life. This means a spiritual and not a material development, a growth of the soul, upward and outward, a growth which must of necessity be fostered and influenced by the contemplation of the productions of great thinkers and workers of all time. This is the reason for the introduction of the study of literature based upon the masterpieces of the great authors; and this, if we are consistent in our theory, is the reason for the introduction of art education with its all-uplifting influences, for wider appreciation of the artistic monuments of all the ages.

If we are to look to a greater appreciation of art productions and a more refined public taste in the citizen of the future, we must lay the foundation for that mental development in the public schools of to-day. We must surround the child, at least while in school, with walls which are clean and pleasantly tinted, and hung with appropriate art reproductions in photography or engraving. Blackboards should be shielded with pleasing but inexpensive drapery curtains suspended from shelf-like moldings whereon are placed casts and simple effects in pottery, to cultivate a love of form. Good reproductions in color, to develop a sense now so conspicuously lacking in our American life, should not be forgotten; and plants and sunshine should be allowed to do their best to satisfy the innate longings for outdoor life, so characteristic of the child. The true object of the existence of pictures and the other decorations in the school room is to help educate the scholars therein. Primarily, the character of the decorations must be in harmony with the mental development of the child; and if they are to serve their broadest purpose they must be so selected that they will not only act as incentives and inspiration in the study of history, geography, or literature, but will also breathe a constant, subtle influence toward art education. That scheme of decoration which shall embrace all these desirable features is one which will require much experience and elaboration to prepare with success. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any one person has the broad insight to arrange it with absolute wisdom. The cities that have the greatest progress in this matter are those which have been fortunate in placing their funds in the hands of broad-minded committees, composed of educators of so varied a training that the historic, literary, musical and geographical element, as well as the decorative side, receive due representation.—Public Opinion.



NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING IN MINNEAPOLIS.

From a Teacher's Note Book.

Teach the children to listen. Teach them to reflect on the pleasure to be derived from the sense of hearing. Listen. Close your eyes and rest. Shut out all those jarring, distracting impressions which come to you through the sense of sight, and listen. What do you hear? "I hear the clock tick, and some one moving his feet." "I hear some one breathing, and that fly beating on the window pane." "I hear the door shaking just a little, and the wind sways a map against the wall."

Now enlarge your hearing; listen for impressions from the outside. What do you hear now? "I hear the gentle rustle of leaves in the wind, and the swish of the waves on the shore." "I hear the sparrow chirp, chirp, and a squirrel scurry up the bark of that tree." "I hear the hammer very faintly in the distance." "I hear crunch, crunch as if some one were walking in the leaves, and the bark of a dog." "I hear the sharp crack of falling nuts, and the steady distant clatter of hoofs on frozen ground."

Do you like to listen? Which of these sounds do you like best? Had you rather hear a child laugh or cry? Why? Had you rather hear a cat purr or cry in pain? Why? What is the difference in your feeling? Tell me some sounds you like. Some that you don't like. Can you tell when a dog barks in welcome? in pain? in warning? in ugliness? Can you tell a sparrow's song from a robin's? Can you tell the difference between beating with a stick on a piece of tin; of wood; of cloth? Did you ever think of the poor little children who never have heard even a mother's voice? Can you talk? Why not?

When you listened only for the inside things did you hear the outside things? Did you hear all that was to be heard, or just what you listened for? Here is your lesson; can you teach it?—American Teacher.

School Children's Eyes.

The British Education Department some time ago appointed a committee, with the well-known expert Brudenell Carter at the head, to examine the eyesight of children in the public elementary schools. The report of the committee, which has just been published, says that out of 8,125 children tested, 3,181, or 39.15 per cent., were found to have normal vision in both eyes; 1,016, or 12.5 per cent., had normal vision in the right eye and subnormal in the left; 700, or 8.6 per cent., had normal vision in the left eye and subnormal in the right, and 3,228, or 39.7 per cent., had subnormal vision in both eyes. Comparing the sexes, the total was made up of 3,928 boys and 4,197 girls, of whom the boys had normal vision in both eyes in 1,718, or 37 per cent., and the girls only 1,403 or 33.4 per cent. Subnormal vision in both eyes was found in 1,332 boys, or 33.9 per cent., and in 1,896 girls, or 45.1 per cent. Normal right eyes, with subnormal left, were found in 522, or 13.3 per cent., of boys, and in 494, or 11.77 per cent., of girls, while subnormal right eyes, with normal left, were found in 356, or 9 per cent., of boys, and in 344, or 8.2 per cent., of girls. Mr. Carter, commenting upon these facts, says: "I think it may be concluded that the eyes of the children whom we examined and presumably those of London school children generally, are in no way injuriously affected by the conditions of elementary school life. The great cause of alarm to school managers has now for some years been progressive myopia; but I failed to find evidence of any extended prevalence of this condition." He also remarks: "The visual power of London children is not cultivated by their environment. They see the other side of the street in which they live and the carts and omnibuses of the thoroughfares. With a country child the case is widely different. He has an expanse of landscape before him, presenting numerous objects under visual angles rendered small by distance. He finds attractions in every hedge-row, flowers, insects, birds, nests, many of them disguised by their resemblance in color to their surroundings and requiring close scrutiny in order that they may be distinguished. His eyes are exercised beneficially in his daily life, and his vision would probably be found somewhat to exceed the very moderate standard of normality, just as that of the town child is apt to fall below it."—Philadelphia Item.

Modern School Building.

The new high school building in North Minneapolis, Minn., is one of the most attractive and stately structures of its kind in the Northwest. It is 162 by 82 feet and is in the style of the Romanesque. The base is of native blue stone and the superstructure of fire brick. The trimmings are of Kettle River sandstone, and the roof of Washington slate. In the basement are the manual training department, the drawing-rooms, engine and boiler rooms, etc. On the first floor are recitation and school rooms, library and geography and physiology departments. On the second floor are class-rooms. On the top floor is an assembly-room with a seating capacity of 1,000. The building is thoroughly equipped for educational purposes, and is lighted with gas and electricity and heated with steam.

Coming His Way.

"No," said the man sternly, "I will never give my consent to this marriage. The idea of asking me for my only daughter!"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Suit yourself," he said. "If you don't give your consent I'll marry her without it."

"Ah, young man, you do not know her if you think——"

"She has already promised," interrupted the young man.

"On the square?" asked the old man, anxiously. "You're not fooling me, are you?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, no, of course you wouldn't do that," said the old man, with a sigh of relief. "Well, go ahead, then! It'll be cheaper all round. I am more determined than ever to refuse my consent."—Chicago Post.

Home Remedies.

A liniment made of ammonia, sweet oil and laudanum equal parts is good for bruised surfaces, or for tightness of the chest. Another for lameness and for rheumatism is made of the whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Before using either of these it should be well shaken.

Turpentine is an excellent family remedy. As an inhalation it is soothing in bronchitis, pneumonia, coughs and any lung trouble. Rubbed on the chest it will ease the pain of aching lungs.

For burns the application of pure lard mixed to a paste with flour will be found healing, and will prevent any scar from the injured part. The same is true of raw potato grated and applied on a cloth, the cloth being next the garment, the raw potato with its juice being on the injured flesh. It must be removed as soon as dried, but its action is marvelous in severe burns.

Children suffer from earache which may be cured by the fumes of chloroform. To apply it make a funnel of paper, drop into it a bit of cotton saturated with the chloroform. Press the cotton in by blowing into the large end of the funnel. The application of a hop bag heated will often ease the pain.

The simpler the home remedies the better. They are quite as efficacious and are safer. Salt, lemons, hot water form a pharmacopoeia complete enough for use without the doctor's directions, except in accidents and croup. The curative effects of salt have never been known as they should be.

Sore and inflamed eyes are relieved by bathing with salt and water. Sore throat yields to a gargle of the same. The most obstinate cases of constipation can be absolutely cured by the persistent use of half a teaspoonful of salt in a glass of water taken just before going to bed, or the first thing in the morning. Constipation is one of the commonest evils.

Baths of salt and cold water will rouse a sluggish skin to action and will cure cold feet. Salt used occasionally is a good dentifrice and keeps the teeth free from tartar. Salt and water used on the hair now and then stops its coming out.

Some Humors of Marriage.

Scarcely a week passes without bringing news of some couple who have found it necessary to emigrate temporarily generally into Wisconsin, but sometimes into Indiana, in order to get married.

It is one of the curiosities of the law that in one and the same place—here in Illinois, for example—it arrays all sorts of difficulties about the process of getting married, while leaving the way to getting unmarried comparatively unobstructed.

Beofre a youthful couple who sign profoundly for an opportunity to become disenchanted with each other can enter upon the disenchanting process they must, if of less than a certain age, get the consent of their parents and comply with certain conditions about license or banns, and all this at the cost of some money and trouble and embarrassment. It's all well enough. The law ought to stand guard over marriages, only it might well take more pains to see that they are prudent. It does nothing in that way now. But it pays so much regard to the prejudices and obstinacy of certain people who are not directly concerned at all as to drive the industry out of the State into communities where the theory seems to be that marriage concerns nobody but the contracting pair.

The oddest part of the whole affair is that parents should persist in the obsolete notion that they have a right to say something about it. They ought to have learned by this time that there are some things which we can do for others and some things which each one of us can do for himself or herself alone. They ought to have found out that it is no more possible for them to choose or reject a wife or a husband for their son or daughter than it is possible for them to digest the dinner that son or daughter may eat.

As to having their consent asked or being consulted about the matter in advance, why—that's preposterous. They should be grateful if they learn about it in time to provide for themselves proper wedding garments.—Chicago Chronicle.

Phosphorus in the Brain.

The human brain contains a considerable proportion of phosphorus, varying from one-twentieth to one-thirtieth of the whole mass. If the average weight of the brain be taken at forty-seven and one-half ounces it will then contain phosphorus amounting to about one and one-half ounces. Phosphorus is found to be almost entirely wanting in the brains of idiots.

Carelessness.

Much of the food given to animals is wasted in the careless manner in which it is handled, hay being thrown into loose racks or narrow troughs, or even on the floor of the stalls in excess of the actual requirements, a portion being trampled. A saving can also be made in grinding the grain during the winter when labor is not so high, and it will consequently be more digestible.

Naming Babies in Russia.

In Russia the Cheremiss shakes the baby till it cries, and then repeats a string of names to it till it chooses one itself by ceasing its tears.

People don't look as good swallowing raw oysters as they feel.